

Cobalt Unit

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Summary: Some called us SPARTANS, but that's not what we were, we were The product of desperation and a war against a superior foe. We were prepared for war against the covenant, but we weren't prepared for this.

## 1. War and Survival

\*\*DISCLAIMER: I DO NOT OWN HALO\*\*

\*\*[0500 hours; Location -classified-]\*\*

My ancestors would have been proudâ€| most kids my age were spoiled these days. People on other colonies lived cushy lives, never leaving the protected area of modernized cities. However I was different, while others stayed home on the lapses from school playing videogames, looking up "other" forms of entertainment, I on the other hand would travel to the heavily wooded areas near my city.

I was not a fool, when the military started mobilizing near his area; army reserves being sent out on ships that should carry marines, I knew what was happening. I had heard the stories, who hadn't, the xenophobic bastards that committed genocide on a galactic scale. I knew they would comeâ€| eventually.

So we prepared, I thought

I found like minded people and we started something, most would call it a gang. But that's not what we are. We people that have a common belief; that we should not simply be "civvies" when the covies came. We should be a resistance; however pathetic we might be we will not just die to their cause, we wanted to take some of them with us.

We had a purpose, all else mattered little in comparisonâ€| even civil law. They got suspicious when sudden glitches appeared in the armory inventory list, bet we knew our way around so we did what we did and when they equipped a "Smart" AI we simply continued the raids

eventually gaining the trust, respect, and loyalty of the AI, as well as several guards which we thought would be helpful in the days to come.

There were seven of us,

Jacob, the self designated CQC specialist. He was very bold and sometimes reckless, but he got the job doneâ€œ most of the time. He was the first one to commit a raid, and he did it solo, just so he could prove that we could do it. Stole an S7 SMG and a M45 Shotgun on that raid, kept and used them ever since. When we standardized the M6 we had to pressure him into agreeing into having one, he used the S version any way.

Aaron doesn't really have a niche, but he's not exactly the jack of all trades either. He is like the cruel version what you get when you mix an in your face rifleman and a Suppressive gunner, perfect for assaultâ€œ! He decided not to get anything special, just a standard MA37, not exactly the flashy type if you ask me.

Then there is Chalia, what do I say? She's the one girl in the team that keeps it from being a "sausage fest" as Jacob put it. If we were ever to get into a firefight she would probably be an in your face marksmen, which in hindsight sounds so weird. But that's what she is, she is somewhat accurate with everything, but likes to get in your face. She took a MA5C from a shipment going out with some marines.

Those were the three that made it

We had a camp deep in the forested area, illegal but still there, besides no one cared anyway; they thought we were a crazy bunch of loons anyway. Very sophisticated if you ask me, we had a high end rig that tapped into the local FLEETCOM network, illegally of course, but it's not like they could track us anyway. When the covies attacked we ran there like we planned, sitting up all our defenses as best we could for the coming attack, we knew it would come and we knew it would come here. Call it a hunch, but I was willing to bet my life; and I did, that the glowing red crystal under the bunker we made was valuable to them.

That's when Chalia sounded the alarm.

I grabbed my Marksman's rifle AKA the so named battle rifle and my M6 and ran to my post, I just rigged the COM set to pick up information off the covies battle netâ€œ with the help of Seta, the relatively limited "Smart" AI, who I also rigged up the COM set which now would relay that to our respective individual COM's

"One platoons strength of grunts coming in through the frontal section of forest" Chalia said over the COM's,

"I'm not even goanna ask how you knew they were up yet" Said Jacob

"Simple, Mitch said he would by now" She responded

"Whatever, Arrows away"

Jacob was referring to a preplaced system off spears, traps and

various primitive devices meant for one thing onlyâ€œ to save ammunition on the cannon fodder of grunts.

When he set it off and the squeals of grunts started, my mind wandered, to the fact that even with this group off close friends that I respected enough to hold my life in their hands. I was still hiding something; my true name. My real name was not Mitch, but the old name had baggage that I could not afford to let loose on them. I was the undesignated leader of our group.

Back to the situation at hand I thought as my rifle snapped to a jackals head and I watched it, as well as a few more explode from my shot placement.

"Aaron, I can you give me a SITREP?" I asked over the COMS

"Doing fine, those dummies were a great idea though, they're soaking up the hits for us." He replied

I let myself have a small silent chuckle, Sliding martial arts dummies dressed in fatigues, that was pure genius on my part, the idea to put small M6 handguns onto primitive auto targeting systems near them, was an idea that only Aaron would have come up with.

"Unidentified movement, 3 o'clock!" Yelled Jacob

Having the raised vantage point I shifted my aim over to the right where Jacob had reported contact. Normally we would have a saturation type of trap in the area, though this area also happened to be our contact point were those who were late to the party could enter through, so no traps. However we also had a detection system in place, an olive drab flag that could be raised from that side of the base. I watched the flag impatiently thinking only one thing; raise that damn flag! After a while I began scanning the area, It hadn't risen. Then movement brought me back as I saw the flag suddenly rise from its designated spot on the ground.

They were alive

We cheered as the three late comers opened an unrelenting barrage of fire from under the cover of the morning darkness.

"It seems as if the attacks are grinding to a halt" Seta announced over the COMs "They seem to be focusing their efforts on the cities they can't sustain the losses from this sector as well as from the citiesâ€œ but when their done, were just as left for dead." She continued

Silence enveloped the heartfelt reunion

"Let's concentrate on the moment at hand, do we have any wounded?" I asked

Both groups answered little to none

I guess the covies aren't as though as we assumed, I thought

Then I saw a shiver in the light ahead near frontal point were all the grunts had died in the initial attack, must be my eyes playing

tricks on my, I told my self

Then I heard that scream, that bloodcurdling scream that chilled me to the bone as I saw an elite materialize out of thin air, along with a blade made of plasma.

The blade had Materialized inside Chalia's lower right side, It probably would have been worse if Jacob hadn't fallen over the previously invisible elites arm, and received a sliced side for his trouble.

Aaron and I instantly put rounds in the elite's face, the shields instantly withered and died and our shots easily killed it we turned to find all but one our newly regained comrades lying dead in their own blood from similar attacks, the last staving off death by using his Side arm at point blank range to kill an approaching elite while we tried our best to cover him.

"Run Eli, Get over here" Jacob said hoarsely over the COMs

He pulled out his Kukri and moved, though injured, towards one of the two remaining elites

Aaron and I fired and dropped the other one

I had seen Jacob have some fun with that knife, what he does with it is scary. Though it was made more for armor piercing stabs than the slashes its original namesake was created for.

Everyone stopped firing and watched as a mere human, an unarmored and injured one at that, challenged an elite who had at his disposal energy weapons and shielding.

They circled for a while before Jacob attacked first, typical

Jacob went in for a strike, the elite tried to parry, but Jacob knew what would happen if the elite even touched his blade with his, it would simply melt. So he pulled out at the last second and leaned in for an attack at the elite's throat, potentially the worst place to attack at the moment.

The elite Saw this and simply went for a sideward's slash, when he realized that the puny human before him did not care if he lived or died, he simply wanted to kill him so that his companions could live and fight another day. Was it all a lie that these humans were vile scum? They had honor, this one proved it. These thoughts were his last as his hesitation allowed for Jacob to get a perfect stab in the elite's neck, killing it almost instantly.

"Guys we have to move" I said

Yea, but were? Questioned Aaron who at the moment was helping me move Chalia over to the semi pathetic infirmary we had in the bunker.

We can't hold here, Eli said as he finished wrapping gauze over Jacobs burned Side

Large amounts of covenant armor moving in from the frontal area of the forest, reported seta

"Shit" muttered Eli

We don't have any explosives and we barely held here, the dummies are all gone; the traps are all set, we shouldn't hold here, replied Aaron

This is Alexi from the UNSC Frigate respite calling to forces guarding confidential equipment, Bravo Zulu, extraction in T-minus 2 minuets

"Should we tell them were not actually military?" Said Eli softly

"No, we let them come here for their crystal and get off this sorry place before they glass it to hell." responded Jacob, obviously trying to hide the pain

"More importantly, how did they tap into to our scrambled COM set up" Aaron said

"I don't have an answer for you Aaron" I said as a couple loud screeches came up from behind us

ODST's were dropping in, we all knew that

"Well then, let's try and patch her up" Aaron said as we put her down.

"Leave meâ€| if you have to" Chalia said weakly "I don't want you to die because of me"

"We are a family here, family doesn't leave family behind" I said

"You think there all dead, you know in the city" Eli said

"I don't know and I don't care either way" I replied

Eli replied by looking at me strangely

"Some will get out, standard evacuation procedure" Jacob muttered out under his breath

Chalia and Aaron knew why I didn't care, but only they did and I intended to keep it that way.

"Drop your weapons and put your hands behind your head!" the lead ODST commanded

We complied

Where are the People that were guarding this place? You damn Innies! He screamed at me

"The covies are invading and you damn Innies are still at it"

"Calm down, Sarge" said one of the other ODSTs

"Yea, Sarge you don't know the whole story" said another

"Give me one reason I shouldn't blow your head off right fucking now"  
he told me

"I'll one up you and give you two" I told him

First, we are not some stupid insurgents. We're just people who wanted to kill some coviesâ€œ! did a damn good job if you ask me as I motioned to the large amounts of dead grunts, jackals, and elites as well as the several Spec Ops elites near them.

Second, there were no forces posted here. There all at the city, and this is what we built to defend ourselves, we did this.

The lead ODST just stood there with his mouth agape as the pelican dropped in over the bunker and they loaded the crystal into the bay.

"Get in" the man guarding the bay told us coldly

The ODSTs moved to the city, probably to another mission of their own

Aaron and I put Chalia in the bay, she started coughing up blood. Eli helped Jacob climb in the pelican; he kept muttering that he didn't need help. Then the pelican took off, leaving us to wonder what would happen to ourselves. Aaron grabbed the first aid kit and we grimly got to work.

## 2. Respite, and Preparation

\*\*[1200 hours; Location â€“ Pelican en route to UNSC Frigate  
\*\*\_\*\*respite\*\*\_-]\*\*

The bright sun did little to warm the somber mood, we fought, we killed, and we received our just reward. We were in the pelican, the bay stank of dried blood, but Aaron and I worked on to dress Chalia's wounds.

We were all amazed that the officer in the pelican bay did nothing to even try and help with the situation at hand.

"Zulu 417 to \_respite\_ Docking in 5" the pilot reported

"Roger that Zulu 417, any spec personal needed at landing?" Responded the Captain of the Frigate

"Give me a sec", "\_lieutenant\_", Do we need anything at landing."

"No" he said coldly.

We were slightly shocked, but we figured we weren't military so he probably couldn't care less of us.

All was silent until we landed in the hanger when the \_lieutenant\_ spoke to us:

"You will report to the holding section until told otherwise, your friend will not receive treatment until authorized"

Then Jacob spoke up:

"We just saved your damn "classified" material and this is what we get paid back with, man you guys are even worse than I thought"

"You are lucky to even be alive" the lieutenant responded

\*\*[1230 hours; Location "UNSC Frigate \*\*\_\*\*respite\*\*\_\*\*-]\*\*

We were stuck in cells couldn't talk to each other and Chalia was likely only still alive because of our first aid work, not that it amounted to much.

Several minutes later a man dressed in black came in to my cell, he had ONI printed on his shoulder.

Great a spook, I thought.

"Sir, you are being conscripted in to the military, you have no say in this matter and you will perform your duties as asked."

"What!" I asked, very much surprised, I was being forced into service by some spook, this couldn't be good.

"You have come into contact with high level classified information and thus we cannot simply allow you to leave with this knowledge."

"You and your team will remain in UNSC custody until the frigate docks at Reach"; "from there you will be sent into temporary training along with candidates for a SpecWep program"

"I have one question-"I said

"You cannot ask any questions you are now property of the UNSC, Period."

"Now get some rest, you will need it were your going, and don't worry, your team will receive authorization for medical treatment tomorrow morning"

After that he left, and the \_respite \_drifted off into slipspace.

\*\*[1432 hours; Location "UNSC Frigate \*\*\_\*\*respite\*\*\_\*\*-]\*\*

The next day we received clearance to leave our cells; after all we were technically military now. We were assigned our temporary quarters and were informed that we had the same status as a military contractor. Since we had no duty to fulfill we were mostly free to roam the non-restricted parts of the ship. Of course we only went one place the next day; outside Chalia's room in the infirmary.

We were informed that her recovery was going well, and that she would be out within a few days due to unforeseen complications that come with delaying treatment for such a wound for about 24 hours.

After that we drifted off the entertainment area of the ship, we couldn't really have fun though, we had lost two of our friends, two

that had so much potential. The marines on board would try and make fun of us, but after they found out that most of us had already been in combat while they were still green, they just shut up.

A few of them tried to make friends with us, but we just shut them out. We kept to ourselves and stayed that way even after Chalia was released from the medical ward.

The weeks of slipspace were a blur; we spent most of the time in cyro any way.

\*\*[1739 hours; Location "UNSC Controlled planet Reach- ]\*\*

When we landed we were immediately escorted to our new quarters, they would serve us for the next few months until our basic training was complete. After that who knows what would happen to us.

When we woke the next morning we were treated to a very long PT run, we worked all day and in the end were tired. We trained hard for months, and in return we started seeing improvements to our fighting ability. The rest of training was a blur as we simply went through the motions and did what we were told.

When the officer in charge of the situation we were in came to us and told us we were dismissed from training, we were surprised. The rest of the SpecWep forces were still training and conditioning. We were being shipped out to another classified section of Reach. They had deemed us yieldable to conflict. Strange but we didn't ask questions

\*\*[0500 hours; Location "UNSC Controlled planet Reach- ONI Castle base]\*\*

We were drugged, we could tell because everything seemed slower to us, but we didn't complain, ONI and their secrets, you just didn't question it.

"This is highly confidentialâ€¡ you will tell absolutely no one about this facility" the woman told us. "However of course you off all people would already know that." "The sensations you feel now are due to augmentations you received while you were asleep, this was made possible by the alterations the crystal made to your DNA" she continued, "Your reaction times, as well as general motor function speeds will be remarkably faster than before, and your ocular vision has been improved on." "To further improve on these modifications to yourselves you will be issued a modified set of battle armor." "It is similar to a set of ODST battle armor with heavy modification; it has built in light masking camouflage panels" "not the best system in the world, but in a combat situation it will provide a remarkable advantage."

"However, you must remember to take into account that in battle these systems are made for quick strikes and are not made to take many hits." She told us coldly "There is a prototype Static field that will dissipate plasma and disrupt bullet flight path, but do remember that they run on a dual set of capacitors; which means that they will only function twice before they need to be manually recharged."

"Any questions"

"So ma'am that means we can take two hits of small arms fire before a recharge?" Said Jacob

"Yes sir" she responded

"Ma'am what of energy blades" said Chalia, we all knew why. "They will disrupt the magnetic field required to set up a firm Plasma blade, and give you a few seconds to move out of the way" she said in response

"If there are no more questions please go to the fitting room and put on your armor, once you put it on please exit the facility and return to your ship."

"One more question Ma'am" I Said

"Yes?" she asked in return

"What is it called?" I asked

"It has no name, it's simply a prototype of SPI armor so if you must name it something call it ABP Armor; Advanced Ballistic Protection armor." "Now please proceed to the fitting room."

\*\*[1037 hours; Location "UNSC Frigate \*\*\_\*respite\*\_\*\*-]\*\*

When we returned back to our ship we immediately went to our respective quarters and put our newly acquired armor in the also newly acquired storage units specially made for them.

The armor looked like a slimmed down version of OSDT armor, and as their commander I pulled up the unit roster on my data pad. I was surprised to see that our designations had been moved to Sergeant with the exception of me which was \_lieutenant. \_

Then I noticed something, our program had a name; "SUFA". Our unit had a name as well, it was called; "Cobalt", which probably meant we were the first and the last of our kind as there was no unit number, division number, or any number for that matter.

We were one of a kind, the first and the last. And we were on our own.

End  
file.